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MONTELIONS PREDICTIONS,

OR THE

Hogen Mogen FORTUNETELLER.

Discovering as plain as a Pike-Staff, the Dark INTRIGUES, and Grand CATASTROPHES, carried on, or Designed in most parts of the WORLD.

Μάντις ἄριστος ὅστις ἐικάζει καλῶς

With Allowance, *May* 11. 1672.

LONDON,

Printed by S. and *B. Griffin*, for *Thomas Palmer*, at the Sign of the *Crown* in *Westminster-Hall*, 1672.

MONTELIONS PREDICTIONS,

OR

The Hogen Mogen Fortuneteller.

ALthough we have ever been of Opinion, that the beſt of our *Modern Prophtes* have been only the moſt Lucky *Gueſſers*, and find the *Preſs* already oppreſt with Swarms of *Prophetick* Pamphlets, no leſs *numerous*, than *Impertinent*. Yet that the *Blind World* may *ſee* our Skill, either in *Aſtrology*, or *Coskinomancy* (that more Myſterious *Art* of the *Sieve* and *Shears*) is not a whit inferiour to the buſieſt

of our *fellow-Students*, we have resolved on the Question to *oblige the Publique* (we mean *Hawkers*, and *Coffee-Houses*) by delivering our Sentiments on the present Conjuncture of Affairs, induced hereunto; for that not only our Brother, *the Apollo of Clerkenwel Green*, hath for some time disappeared to Mortals, being (as we are credibly informed) gone to Visit his *Nurse* at the *Antipodes*, but also because the heretofore active *Gosequil* of our beloved Pupil, the renowned *Poor Robin*, is of late grown Dry and Stubbed, yielding little more than the *Dregs* of *Rea*-Lettice Wit, or nauseous *Repetitions*. These Considerations we hope will be Apology enough (even in a Critick Conscience) and to offer more *Reasons* for Writing a *Single-sheet* Pamphlet, would be Absurd and Unmodish, since many of our *great Authors* now a dayes can shew none at all for their more *Voluminous Scriblings*, we cannot (to deal Candidly with our Readers) pretend to any *Visions*, *Apparitions*, *Revelations*, or *strange Voices*, though perhaps that excellent new Invention of, *The speaking Trumpet* (subtlely manag'd) might put not a few *Giddy Heads* on that account, into a Dotage beyond *Tom in the Wood's*. Angels either *Cœlestial*, or *Golden*, we dare not boast Familiarity with; *Comets* they say are Generated above the Orb of the *Moon*, and so are too high for the *Jacobs-Staff* of our groveling Understanding, to find out their particular portents. The old new Star in *Cassiopeia* we shall not medle with, though we have heard our Nodding Grand-Mother in a *Winters* Evening, discourse thereupon so profoundly, till she fell a sleep;

ſleep; not trouble our ſelf with any *Oppoſitions* that may happen between *Saturn* and *Jupiter*, as not deſiring to Interpoſe in a Quarrel 'twixt Father and Son: Nor yet ſhall we put our ſelves to the unneceſſary Charges of Building up *Twelve Houſes* (meer Caſtles in the Air) in an Ill-favoured Schem; not but that we *Ken the Knack* of thoſe Cœleſtial *Scotch-Hoppers* too, as throughly as the moſt *Huffing Taylor* ith' Town: But out of pure Averſion to thoſe *Hackney Roads* of Figures and Characters wherewith ſome pretend to *Score* out the Fortune of a Year, and Fate of Empires, in Terms ſo uncertain and ambiguous, that they may be Verified in any future Contingency whatever, we decline all thoſe *Amuzing Parades* of Art, and without Clouds and Amphibologies, in plain Engliſh, and in Rhyme too, that I may appear the more Prophetick, do declare,

The Time's now come muſt bring to paſs,
What Fates have Wrote with Pens of Braſs.
That Rebel Rout, whoſe ſwelling Pride,
Princes Contemn'd, and Kings defi'd:
Before bright Sol *his Journey take,*
Three times a round the Zodiake,
Shall be Reduc'd to more Diſtreſs,
Than in the dayes of Royal Beſs.
Great York, *the* Neptune *of the Main,*
Their Inſolence ſhall once again
Chaſtiſe, until they are become,
Poor ſuppliant States of Belgium:
And at his Brothers *Royal Feet,*
Submiſſively begg, as 'tis meet.

That

That he would lay his Thunder *by,*
And take them to his Clemency.

But becauſe (according to the *Grand Method* we have alwayes purſued in our Writings) a more particular Account of the grand Matters impending may be expected, we proceed in the *Stile* of the moſt celebrated Sons of Art, and with all Caution and Sincerity, ſay: That from the vaſt preparations, both at Land and Sea, the Declarations of War lately Publiſhed on either Side, ſeveral *Lowring Aſpects* of diſaffected Planets, their *Quarrelſome Poſitions* at their vernal Ingreſs, and diverſe other Secrets in Art, we may (on good grounds according to the Doctrine of the *Antients*) *Prognoſticate*: That ſome *Ruptures* are at hand, or *Acts of Hoſtility* deſigned, or ready to break forth into Action in *ſome* parts of the World. And ſince *Cancer* is the Horoſcopical Sign of *Holland*, and that none loves *Butter'd Crabs* better than a Dutchman; we are induced to believe thoſe very United Provinces may much be concerned in the *formidable Cataſtrophes*, whereof theſe *Phænomina* are the *Indubitable Prodromi*. Not that we find by the abſtruſeſt Rules of *Geomancy*, that the *Hogen States* are any more likely this Year to Eſtabliſh the *Fifth Monarchy* in an Univerſal Common-Wealth, than *Sabothy Levy*, to Revive and Recollect the Ten ſcattered Tribes, for taking Poſſeſſion of the *Holy Land*: Yet are we more than Confident, that Sage *Aphoriſm* of the late *Deceaſed* Plagiary *Treſmegiſtus* in his *Temple of Wiſdom*, will ſhortly be verified to a hairs breadth, viz. *That wherever*

con-

contrary Fleets, or opposing Armies happen to meet, Contests will be apt to arise, and that several Persons by means thereof, may chance, against all Rules of Physick, to be Let Blood ith' Dog-days. About or rather much before which time we also discover, There will be heard *strange* and unusual *Noises* at Sea, to the great Affrightment of the *Dolphins*, and spoyling the Musick of the *Syrens:*

The Planets startling from their Orbs with wonder,
To hear our Guns *below out-roar their* Thunder.

Immediately after which, the long contested *Soveraignty* of the Narrow-Seas shall be decided by a most *equal Distribution*, the *Surface* remaining in the Possession of his *Majesty* of *Great Brittain* (the undoubted Proprietor) and his Valiant Subjects, whilst the *Bottom* falls to the share of his usurping Enemies, as the just Reward of their unparalled Ingratitude; thereby replenishing the hungry Stomacks of Neptunes *Scaly Inhabitants*, who now Exercise *Lex Talionis*, and by *Devouring* their *Devourers*, produce of *Metempsychosis of Bodies*, that *Pythagoras* never dream'd of. For whereas a Dutchman is little more than *Stock-fish*, and *Red-herring* Fleshified, our *Crabs* and *Fresh-Cod*, will now be only Dutchmen Fishified. Thus a Ravenous *Shark* unnaturally Feasts on the fat Paunch of his own *Brother*, an overgrown *Burgomaster*, whilst *Margery* the Cook-maid startles to find the *Finger* and Sealring of *Myne Heer*, in the Belly of a Mackril, and the *Rotterdam Frows* deluge themselves in Tears for the loss of their *Swil-Bottles*.

We

We further find by the *Hermetick* Learning,

(For ſo of late our Quacks do call,
All Tricks if Strange and Myſtical.)

That *Coffee-Houſes* (the Mint of Intelligence, and Forge of Lies) ſhall bee much frequented; and many a Pragmatick *Fop* ſpend his Six-pence there over Night, *to hear News*, that knows not where to get a Dinner next Day; who then with folded arms and croaking Guts, does Pennance for his fooliſh Curioſity. To ſupply theſe *Randevouſe of Idleneſs*, with continual Novelties, the Preſs Spawns abortive *Pamphlets*, that ſwarm Abroad as thick as Flies in *Autumn*. And Fame ſets up a Cheating *Lotery*, where for a Prize of Verity, you have forty Blanks of Falſhood, and in a whole *Volley* of News ſcarce meet a true *Report*: We do not find his *Holineſſe* much Inclinable to entertain thoughts of Marriage, but rather that if his Fancy ſhould grow a little Rampant the Cholick and Stone, would mainly Obſtruct his Delights in the Careſſes of an *Olympia*. And ſeeing he Labours under ſo many Croſſes, we cannot but reprove the uncharitableneſs of ſome *Gifted Brethren*, who in their Little Conventicles, Rail ſo deſperately at a *Civil Grave old Gentleman*, whom they know no more than *the Pope of Rome*: The *Grand Seignior* may yet in ſpight of ſome fooliſh *Prognoſticators* (who ſeven Years have threatned him with a Peck of Troubles) Live a long time *as merry as a Fiddler*, if the *Mufty* will but grant him a Diſpenſation to Drink now and then a Glaſs

Glaſs of Sack, but his Viziers *Corn cutter* will probably be hurried with multiplicity of Buſineſs: His Mightineſſes *Toes* being ſorely afflicted by reaſon to tedious Marches towards *Hungary*. The *Crym Tartar* in the midſt of his Triumphs, is Tipt into his Grave by a Surfeit on *Stew'd Pruans*. And may the *Guardian-Angel* of Green-Aprons, protect ſome eminent Senators nearer Home, from being choakt with *Cuſtards*, or admitted Knights of the Noble Order of the *Bull-Feather*, at a *Maſquerade*: *Stephen Ratzins*, Brother *Stenko*, ſeems Inſtigated by *Venus*, Lady of the Seventh, in his Radix Retrograte, to ſend an *Envoy Extraordinary* to the States General, to demand in Marriage the moſt *Illuſtrious Beſſabel*, Daughter of the much Celebrated *Van-Cobler-Hewſon*, that they may make a prudent proviſion for Futurity, and propagate a pretious Seed of Rebels and Bouteſeus, to diſturb the Peace of the next Generation. *Munſterus* that *Hermaphrodite of State*, who with his *Croſſes* in one Hand, and *Sword* in th'other, looks like a *Royſton Crow* of two Colours, *parte per pale*, Ingrail'd, Lay and Clergy, hovers with a wary Subtlety over the Heads of the furious Combatants, till *Fortune* declare on *whoſe* Creſts ſhe intends to *Plant* the Laurels of *Victory*, or takes up the *Swiſſers* Trade, and Cries, Who bids moſt for 30000. But *Manet alta mente repoſtam*, There is no playing one Game over Twice.

Quo teneam Vultum mutantem protea Nodo?

What ſhall reſtrain him from the Breach of's Vows,
That to no Altar, but 's own Intereſt Bows.

If the Forces of the most *Christian King* chance to set down before *Maestricht*, that unhappy Town will be in *some Danger* of a Seige, and rare it will be to see there so much Belly-Timber for a *Breakfast*, as is Confounded at a *Guild-Hall Dinner*; but a *dried Sprat* is excellent Commons for those in a *Strait*, that in their best Days thought a *Red-Herring a Feast*. Holland *Cheese* we confidently predict, will be a dear Commodity, but *Butterboxes* never so Cheap and Contemptible, it being but just all Nations should *Bandy* to Exterpate them, who have *Confederated* to Abuse all the World. If they have any Assistance, it must be from *beyond the Line*: For what *Christian* will be a Second to such Insolents? Nor can they appear Formidable since the *Brandy* that was wont to Inspire them with Valour is now prohibited. To conclude, *Englands Genius* soars high, the *Lillies* flourish, and may they *ever* retain their Colour; the Emblem of *Integrity*, the *Justness* of our Cause, the *Conduct* and great *Example* of our Leaders, conspire with our native *Courage* to bespeak a Victory. And though we know the Innate Valour of our Noble Seamen, and others concerned in this Expedition, needs not to be raised up by *Hobling* Rhyms, of a sorry Bard, yet to fill up their other Sheet, and that the Reader may be sure to have enough for his Two-pence, we have thought very fit to add this Ballad Loyal.

A Ballad

A

BALLAD LOYAL.

1.

YOu Sons of Honour, that dare die!
To serve your Native Land,
And for your King and dear Country.
The Shock of danger ſtand,
Now prepare
For the War,
Shew the world your glories,
Do ſuch deeds
As muſt needs
Live in future Stories.

2.

Go on brave Hero's! you can't miſſe
The Road to Victory.
Where Mighty York High Admiral is,
That Soul of Gallantry,
He whoſe Name
Rides on Fame.
And muſt ſtill more prevail,
Till it make
Flemmings quake,
And humbly ſtrike their ſail.

3.

Our Ships like floating Caſtles *ride,*
The Waves are proud to bear 'm
They deafen Thunder-*each Broadſide,*
The Dutch *or* Devils *muſt fear 'm,*
No place can boaſt,
Beſides our Coaſt
Veſſels ſo great *and* good,
So many *too,*
That Strangers do
Think al' our Downs *a Wood.*

4.

Then pray what mean theſe Hogen States?
(*It paſſes our Conſtruction*)
Inſolently to dare their Fates,
And tempt their own Deſtruction,
On Shore and Sea
Ruin they'l ſee
On every ſide ſurrounding
Brave Monmouth's *hand*
Waſting their Land,
Great York *their Fleets confounding.*

5.

Dull Dutch! *can you forget when we,*
In three Fights *quell'd your pride,*
Not long ſince when our Britiſh *Sea*
With your baſe blood was dy'd,

And

And dare you then
Fight us again:
What honour can it be
To beat a new
Such Slaves as you,
Whom we before made flee.

6.

If Rebell Noll *could make you bow,*
And 'fore him trembling ſtand,
How think you fools to reſiſt now,
The mighty Charles's *hand,*
Can it be ſaid
Againſt our Head
You'r likely to prevail,
Who heretofore,
Were glad t' adore,
And cringe unto our Taile.

7.

Wherefore Brave Engliſh *Seamen all*
Rouſe up your valours fire
Couragiouſly upon them fall
Make the dull World admire,
Let not your breaſt
Harbour a Gueſt,
That treats of fear *or* flying,
Let not a thought
Centre in ought,
But conquering *or* dying.

8.

So may you vanquish still and take
Rich Prizes every day:
May no tempests your Vessels shake,
Nor Rock lie in your way.
So may you bring
To our Great King
A compleat Victory.
And he bestow
Again on you,
A fit Gratuity.

9.

If any of you Sacrifice,
Your hearts at Cupids Shrine.
May no Coy Wench your Love despise,
Nor to you prove unkind;
But may they all
Before you fall,
As 'tis indeed their duties:
'Tis reason such,
As conquer Dutch
Should Triumph over Beauties;

10.

May all your Wives prove Chast and be,
As deaf to Gallants charms,
Whilst you are out; as Penelope,
When her Lord was in Arms.

Thus

Thus will we pray
Each night and day,
Till homewards you are bound
Your deeds *with praiſe*
Your Heads, *with Baiſe,*
Inglorious manner Crown'd.

The POST-SCRIPT:

SInce Mr. *Lillies* Predictions in his admired Almanack for the Year 1654. have made ſo much noiſe in the World, we cannot but think it convenient to tranſcribe from that celebrated Author a Shott Prayer, which we think as pertinent to the preſent conjuncture of affairs, as any of the reſt, which follows in the ſaid book in theſe word,,

God grant us Unity in the Church and give the Presbyterians ſo much love unto their Native Countrey, as to rejoyce when we worſt the Dutch, *and not to flag down their heads like ſorrowful Rabbits at our Succeſſes.*

FINIS.